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PAUL SEYMOUR,
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An Address
To the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE
CITY OF LOUISVILLE, KY., BY
A COMMITTEE OF THE SYNOD OF KY.

DEAR BRETHREN: The will of the
Synod has made it our duty to lay before
you a plan for the moral and religious
education of the slaves for the future emancipation
of the slaves under your care. We feel the
responsibility and difficulty of the
duty which the church has called us, yet
the character of those whom we address
strongly encourages us to hope that the labor
will not be in vain. You profess to be
governed by the principles and precepts of
a holy religion; you recognize the fact that
you are bound to do good to all men, by the
blood of the Son of God; and you be-
lieve that you have been imbued with a "Him
of the same spirit which was in Him
who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes,
became poor." When we point out to
each person the duty, and call upon them
to fulfill it, our appeal cannot be altogether
fruitless. But we have a still stronger
ground for our encouragement, in our firm
conviction that the cause which we ad-
vocate is the cause of God, and that His as-
sistance will make it finally prevail. May
He who hears the cry of the poor and
weeps, and who has commanded to let the
oppressed go free, give to each one of us
wisdom to know our duty, and strength to
fulfill it.

We earnestly entreat you, brethren, to re-
ceive our communication in the same spirit
of kindness in which it is made; and per-
mit neither prejudice nor interest to close
your minds against the reception of truth,
or to see your hearts against the convictions
of conscience. Very soon it will be a mat-
ter of no moment whether we have had
large or small possessions on the earth; but
it will be of infinite importance whether or
not we have conscientiously sought out the
will of God and done it.

We all admit that the system of slavery,
which exists among us, is not right.—Why
then, do we assist in perpetuating it? Why
do we make no serious efforts to terminate
it? It is not because our perception of its
injustice is very feeble and indistinct,
while our perception of the difficulties of
unwilling to emancipate our slaves is
insurmountable. As long as we believe
that slavery, as it exists among us, is a light
evil in the sight of God, so long will we
feel inclined to pronounce every plan that
can be devised for its termination, inexperi-
ent or impracticable. Before, then, we
unfold our plan by the principles which
govern it, and try it by the principles which
govern it, we must first be satisfied that
it is not an abomination in the sight of
God, and that we shall not solicit
His concurrence in any plan for its aboli-
tion. But if, when fairly examined, it shall
be seen to be a thing which God abhors;
we may safely expect that no trifling amount
of trouble or loss will deter you from lend-
ing your efforts to its extermination.

Slavery is not the same all the world
over, and to ascertain its character in any
particular state or country, we must exam-
ine the constituents and effects of the kind
of slavery which there exists. The system
as it exists among us, and is constituted by
our laws, consists of three distinct parts:—a
deprivation of the right of property, a de-
privation of personal liberty, and a de-
privation of personal security. In all its parts
it is, manifestly, a violation of the laws of
God, as revealed by the light of nature, as
well as the light of revelation.

1st. A part of our system of slavery
consists in depriving human beings of the
right to acquire and hold property.—
Does it need any proof to show that God
has given to all human beings a right to the
proceeds of their own labor? The heathen
acknowledges it—every man feels it. The
Bible is full of denunciations against those
who withhold from others the fruits of their
exertions. "Wo unto him that buildeth
his house by unrighteousness, and his cham-
bers by wrong; that useth his neighbors ser-
vice without wages, and giveth him not for
his work." Does an act which is wrong,
when done once and toward one individual,
become right because it is practised daily
and hourly, and towards thousands? Does
the just and holy One frown the less upon
injustice, because it is systematically
practised, and is sanctioned by the laws of
the land? If the chicanery of law should
enable us to escape the payment of our
debts, or if a human legislature should dis-
charge us from our obligations to our cred-
itors, could we, without deep guilt, withhold
from our neighbors that which is their due?
No! we recognize the principle, that the
laws of God can never be re-
placed by any legislation under heaven.—
These laws will endure, when the statutes
of earth have crumbled with the parch-
ment on which they are enrolled—and by
these laws we know that we must be judg-
ed, in the day in which the destinies of our
souls shall be determined.

2d. The deprivation of personal liberty
forms another part of our system of slave-
ry.—Not only has the slave no right to his
wife and children, he has no right even to
himself. His very body, his muscles, his
bones, his flesh, are all the property of an-
other. The movements of his limbs are
regulated by the will of a master. He may
be sold, like a beast of the field—he may
be transported, in chains, like a felon.
Was the blood of our Revolution shed to
establish a false principle, when it was
poured out in defence of the assertion, that
"all men are created equal"; that "they are
endowed by their Creator with certain in-
alienable rights; that among these are life,
liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" If
it is a violation of the rights of nature to
deprive men of their political freedom, the
injustice is surely much more flagrant when
we rob them of personal liberty. The con-
dition of a subject is enviable compared
with the condition of a slave. We are
shocked at the despotism exercised over the
Poles. But there is a political yoke, and
a light compared with the heavy personal
yoke that bears down the two millions of

our colored countrymen. Does European
injustice lose its foul character, when prac-
tised with aggravations in America?

Still further, the deprivation of personal
liberty is so complete that it destroys the
rights of conscience. Our system, as es-
tablished by law, arms the master with
power to prevent his slave from worshipping
God according to the dictates of his own
conscience. The owner of human beings
among us may legally restrain them from
assembling to hear the instructions of divine
truth, or even from ever uniting their hearts
and voices in social prayer and praise to
Him who created them. God alone is Lord
over the conscience. Yet our system, de-
fracting alike our Creator and our slaves,
confers upon men this prerogative of Deity.
Argument is unnecessary to show the guilt
and madness of such a system. And do
we not participate in its criminality, if we
uphold it?

3d. The deprivation of personal security
is the remaining constituent of our sys-
tem of slavery.—The time was, in our own
as well as in other countries, when even
the life of the slave was held in the hands
of his master. It is not so now,
among us. The life of a bondman cannot
be taken with impunity. But the law ex-
tends its protection no further. Cruelty
may be carried to any extent, provided life
be spared. Mangled, imprisoned, star-
ved, every species of torture, may be in-
flicted upon him, and he has no redress.
But, not content with thus laying the body
of the slave defenceless at the foot of the
master, our system proceeds still further,
and strips him in a great measure of all
protection against the inhumanity of any
other white man who may choose to mil-
litate him. The laws prohibit the evidence
of a slave against a white man from being
received in a court of justice. So that
wantonly and cruelly may be exercised
by any man with impunity, upon these un-
fortunate people, provided none witness it
but those of their own color. In describing
such a condition, we may well adopt the
language of sacred writ: "Judgment is
turned away backward, and justice standeth
afar off; for truth is fallen in the street,
and equity cannot enter. And the Lord
saw it, and it displeased him that there was
no judgment."

Such is the essential character of our
slavery. Without any crime on the part of
its unfortunate subjects, they are deprived
of life, and their posterity after them, of
the right to property, of the right to liberty,
and of the right to personal security. These
odious features are not the excrescences up-
on the system—they are the system itself—
they are its essential constituent parts.—
And can any man believe that such a thing
as this is not sinful—that it is not hated by
God—and ought not to be abhorred and
abolished by man?

But there are certain effects, springing
naturally and necessarily out of such a sys-
tem, which must also be considered in form-
ing a proper estimate of its character.

1. Its most striking effect is, to deprave
and degrade its subjects by removing from
them the strongest natural checks to human
corruption. As there are certain laws im-
pressed upon the elements, by which God
works to preserve the beauty and order of
the material creation; so there are certain
principles of human nature, by which he
works to save the moral world from ruin.
These principles operate on every man in
his natural condition of freedom—restraining
his vicious propensities, and regulating
his deportment. The fire of innate de-
pravity, which if permitted to burst forth,
would destroy the individual and desolate
society, are thus measurably repressed; and
the decencies and enjoyments of life are
preserved. The wisdom and goodness of
God are thus seen in implanting in man, a
sense of character, a desire for property, a
love for distinction, a thirst for power, and
a zeal for family advancement. All these
feelings, working in the mind of individuals,
(though not unmingled with evil,) combine to
promote their own happiness, and the wel-
fare of communities; and they are inferior
in the good which they produce, only to
those high religious principles which consti-
tute the image of God, and the soul of man.
The presence of these principles only can
compensate for their absence. Whenever,
then, these natural feelings are crushed or
eradicated in any human being, he is de-
graded into a creature of mere appetite and
passion. His sensuality is the only cord by
which he can draw him. His hopes and
fears all concentrate upon the objects of his
appetites. He sinks far down toward a level
with the beast of the field; and can be mo-
ved to action only by such appeals as influ-
ence the lunatic and slavery reduces the
condition to which we wear its brutalizing
mass of those who wear its brutalizing
yoke. Its effects upon their bodies, char-
acter, property, distinction, power, and
family respectability, are all withdrawn
from the reach of the slave. No object is
presented to excite and cultivate those high-
er feelings, whose exercise would repress his
passions and regulate his appetites. Thus
slavery deranges and ruins the moral ma-
chinery of man—it cuts the sinews of the
soul—it extracts from human nature the
salt that purifies and preserves it, and leaves
it a corrupting mass of appetite and passion.

2. It dooms thousands of human beings
to hopeless ignorance. The acquisition of
knowledge requires exertion; and the man
who is to continue through life in bondage
has no strong motive of interest to induce
such exertion; for knowledge is not valuable
to him, as to one who esteems the fruits of
his own labor. The acquisition of knowledge
requires also facilities of books, teachers,
and time, which can be only adequately
furnished by masters; and those who desire
to perpetuate slavery will never furnish
these facilities. If slaves are educated, it
must involve some outlay on the part of the
master. And what reliance for such sacri-
fice can be placed on the generosity and
virtue of one, who looks on them as his
property, and who has been trained to con-
sider every dollar expended on them as lost
unless it contributes to increase their capa-
city for yielding him valuable service? He
will have them taught to work, and will or-
dinarily feed and clothe them to no ad-
vantage to perform their work to advan-
tage. But more than this, it is inconsistent
with our knowledge of human nature to ex-
pect that he will do for them. The present
state of instruction among this race answers
exactly to what we might thus naturally an-

ticipate. Throughout our whole land, so
far as we can learn, there is but one school
in which, during the week, slaves can be
taught. The light of three or four Sabbath
schools is seen, glimmering through the
darkness that covers the black population of
a whole State. Here and there a family is
found, where humanity and religion impel
the master, mistress, or children, to the la-
borious task of private instruction. Great
honor is due to those engaged in this philan-
thropic and self-denying course; and their
reward shall be received in the day when
even a cup of cold water, given from Chris-
tian motives, shall secure a recompense.—
But, after all, what is the amount of in-
struction given to slaves? Those who enjoy
the most of it, are fed with but the crumbs
of knowledge which fall from their master's
table—they are clothed with the mere
shreds and tatters of learning.

Nor is it to be expected that this state of
things will become better, unless it be de-
termined that slavery shall cease. The im-
pression is almost universal, that intellec-
tual elevation unfits men for servitude, and
renders it impossible to continue in that con-
dition. This impression is unquestionably
correct. The weakness and ignorance of
their victims is the only safe foundation
on which injustice and oppression can rest.
And the effort to keep in bondage men to
whom knowledge has imparted power, would
be like the insane attempt of the
Persian tyrant, to chain the waves of the
sea, and whip its boisterous waters into sub-
mission. We may as soon expect to fetter
the winds, seal up the clouds, or extinguish
the fires of the volcano, as to prevent en-
lightened minds from recovering their natu-
ral condition of freedom. Hence, in some
of our States, laws have been enacted, pro-
hibiting, under severe penalties, the instruc-
tion of the blacks; and even where such
laws do not exist, there are formidable num-
bers who oppose, with deep hostility, every
effort to enlighten the mind of the negro.—
These men are determined that slavery shall
be perpetuated; and they know that their
universal education must be followed by
their universal emancipation. They are
then acting wisely, according to the wisdom
of this world, when they deny education to
slaves—they are adopting a measure to se-
cure their determined purpose. It is, how-
ever, policy akin to that which once induced
the violators of female chastity to cut out
the tongue, and cut off the hands of their
victim, to disable her from uttering or writ-
ing their names. She had to be maimed,
or they would be brought to justice. It is
such policy as the robber exhibits who silences
the voices that might accuse him, and
buries in the grave, the witnesses of his
crimes. He is determined to pursue his oc-
cupation, and his safety in the weakness of
keeping a conscience. How horrible must
be that system, which in the opinion of its
strongest advocates, demands, as the neces-
sary condition of its existence, that knowl-
edge should be sent out from the minds of
those who live under it—that they should
be reduced as nearly as possible to the level
of brutes, of living machines—that the
powers of their souls should be crushed! Let
each one of us ask, can such a system be
aided or even tolerated without deep crimina-
lity?

3. It deprives its subjects, in a great
measure, of the privileges of the gospel.—
You may be startled at this statement, and
feel disposed to exclaim, "our slaves are al-
ways permitted and even encouraged to at-
tend upon the ordinances of worship."—
The privileges of the gospel, as enjoyed by
the white population in this land, consist in
free access to the Scriptures, a regular gos-
pel ministry, and domestic means of grace.
Neither of these is, to any extent worth a
consideration, enjoyed by slaves, as a moment's
consideration will satisfactorily show. The law,
as it is, does not prevent free access to
the Scriptures—but ignorance, the natural
result of their condition, does. The Bible
is before them, but it is to them a sealed
book. "The light shineth in the darkness,
but the darkness comprehendeth it not."—
Like the paralytic, who lay for years beside
the pool of Bethesda, the waters of healing
are near him, but no kind hand enables him
to try their efficacy. Very few enjoy the
advantages of a regular gospel ministry.—
They are, it is true, permitted generally,
and often encouraged, to attend upon the
ministrations specially designed for their
masters. But the instructions communi-
cated on such occasions are above the level
of their capacities. They listen as to prophe-
cies in an unknown tongue. The preach-
ers of their own color are still farther from
ministering to their spiritual wants—as these
impart to them, not of their knowledge, but
their ignorance; they heat their animal feel-
ings, but do not kindle the flame of intelli-
gent devotion. It has been proposed by
some zealous and devoted friends of the
colored race, to supply the deficiency of
gospel ministrations among them, by the
employment of suitable missionaries, who
may labor exclusively among them. We
need not here speculate on the probable re-
sults of such a scheme if carried into effect,
in a community where there is no intention
to emancipate; for before there is found
among us benevolence enough to effect
and execute it, on a scale large enough to
effect any highly valuable purpose, the com-
munity will be already ripe for measures of
emancipation. Such a spirit of kindness
towards this unfortunate race as this scheme
presupposes, can never co-exist with a de-
termination to keep them in hopeless bond-
age. Further, there are no houses of wor-
ship exclusively devoted to the colored pop-
ulation. The galleries of our own churches,
which are set apart to their use, would
not hold the tenth part of their numbers—
and even these few seats are, in general,
thinly occupied. So that, as a body, it is
evident that our slaves do not enjoy the pub-
lic ordinances of religion. Domestic means
of grace are still more rare among them.—
Here and there a family is found, whose
servants are taught to bow with their mas-
ters around the fireside altar. But their pe-
culiarly adverse circumstances, combined
with the natural alienation of their hearts
from God, render abortive the slight efforts
of most masters to induce their attendance
on the domestic services of religion. And
if we visit the cottages of those slaves who
live apart from their masters, where do we
find them reading their Bible and kneeling
together before the throne of mercy? Fam-
ily ordinances of religion are almost un-
known among the blacks. We do not

wish to exaggerate the description of this
deplorable religious condition of our col-
ored population. We know that instances
of true piety are frequently found among
them; but these instances we all know to
be awfully disproportionate to their num-
bers, and to the extent of those means of
grace which exist around them. When the
missionaries of the cross enter a heathen
land, their hope of fully christianizing it
rests upon the fact that they can array and
bring to bear upon the minds of these chil-
dren of ignorance and sin, all those varied
means which God has appointed for the re-
formation of man. But while the system
of slavery continues among us, these means
can never be efficiently and fully employed
for the conversion of the degraded sons of
Africa. Yet "God hath made them of one
blood" with ourselves; hath provided for
them the same redemption, hath in his provi-
dence cast their souls upon our care, and hath
clearly intimated to us the doom of him,
who "seeth his brother have need, and shut-
teth up his bowels of compassion from him."
If by our example, our silence, or our sloth,
we perpetuate a system which paralyzes our
hands when we attempt to convey them the
breath of life, and which inevitably consigns
the great mass of them to unending peris-
hment, can we be guiltless in the sight of
Him who hath made us stewards of his
grace? (To be Continued.)

Isopathy—A New Method of Curing Dis-
eases.

The Paris correspondent of the Courier
des Etats Unis has the following account
of a new school of medicine:

If the art of healing has made little pro-
gress since Hippocrates, who lived twenty-
three centuries since, it is not at all the
fault of the doctors, who in all times have
accomplished prodigies of imagination in
opening new paths by which to reach the
end of knowledge. Our epoch, more than
any other, has been fruitful in original sys-
tems in the medical domain. Germany
has sent us a new one which is called
Isopathy.

It must be said in their praise, that the
German doctors march at the head of
science in the career of innovations.—
Nothing stops them. The political troubles
which agitate the country, the tumult of
arms, and the popular clamors which re-
sult about them, cannot for a moment
disturb their profound meditations. They
have already given us homoeopathy, which
this was doing something, but not content
with this discovery, which has made so
much noise in the world, they are dis-
tinguishing themselves to-day by a new con-
quest.

Homoeopathic medicine has been re-
preached with the sanctity of its phar-
macy. The witty, who respect nothing,
have diverted themselves at the expense of
a doctrine which materialises itself under
an imperceptible form, and works its mir-
acles with a grain of dust, an atom diluted
in a gallon of water. This was a cause of
distrust with many persons who judge only
from appearances, and who are accus-
tomed to estimate the value of effects from
the magnitude of their causes. In this re-
spect the new system will not be suspect-
ed; it escapes the criticism which at-
tended its precursor. Here do remedy is
palpable, solid, remarkable by its boldness,
and its somewhat brutal simplicity. Is-
opathy consists in applying to the diseased
organ the same organ borrowed from an
animal in full health. Example will render
the definition more clear. If the disease
is on the lungs, the lungs of a sheep are
placed on the breast of the patient; if it is
the liver or heart which suffers they place
on the diseased part a heart or liver of
ox; if the hearing is affected, Isopathy
makes you a night-cap trimmed with the
ears of a cat!

"This may at first seem singular, and yet
nothing is more real than this system!"

It has been much talked about—fame has
seized upon it, the learned discuss it, the
academies examine it, numerous experi-
ments of it have been made in Germany,
and as there is always found at Paris, in
all professions, a crowd of ambitious men
who hold themselves upon the watch for
discoveries, with the hope of making, by
the aid of new systems, a fortune which
they have not been able to realize by the
old methods, we number already several
Paris doctors who have hastened to pro-
claim themselves Isopaths.

It remains to be known how great the
success of this remedy will be with us.—
The new method has room for great de-
velopment, but until now the supporters of
Isopathy have forgotten to tell us whether
their system can also be applied to moral
affections; for, for example, a man of a
weak character, and one waiting in cour-
age, would become brave by applying to
himself a lion's head between the skin
and the flannel.

The remedy, it is true, would be very
expensive, and would call for a great con-
sumption of lions; for it is said that the
Isopathic applications must be renewed
every day.

The system is very well known and of-
ten employed in the intellectual world.—
We see persons every day, whose under-
standing is not of the highest order, apply
to their defective and blank intellect an ac-
tive and brilliant mind, appropriate to the
substance of it, and show forth
afterward the luxury of an imagination en-
dowed with the most flourishing pretence.

In the same way how many pretended
orators do we see, whenever there is speak-
ing to be done, applying to their feeble,
pale, miserable, broken-down style the bor-
rowed eloquence of some anonymous rhetor-
ician, and who afterward make a parade
of a vigorous talent and an inexhaustible
fertility. Is not this Isopathy or something
very much like it?

Amherst College has received a donation
from Hon. David Sears, consisting of real
estate in the City of Boston, estimated by
the donor to be of the value of \$12,000.
This, with \$10,000, formerly bestowed, is
to constitute the "Sears' Foundation of
Literature and Benevolence."

Prior Engagement.
Mr. Goodall, a learned assistant at Eton,
the morning he married Miss Prior, daughter
to one of the assistants, attended (to the as-
tonishment of his scholars,) his duty as mas-
ter. A luckless boy, who played truant pleas-
ed, as an excuse for his absence, that he
really thought Mr. Goodall had had a prior
engagement.

From the Louisville Journal.
Congress of Fruit Growers.
Having attended the first meeting of the
North American Congress of Fruit Grow-
ers as a delegate from the Kentucky Horti-
cultural Society, and having been the only
delegate in attendance from our State, I
have thought it improper, through the
columns of your Journal, to report to the
friends of the cause what good has resulted
from the meeting lately held in the city of
New York, also what good may be ex-
pected to grow out of any future action of that
body.

Knowing that the call was published but
a few weeks before the day of meeting, I
was greatly surprised to meet so large an
assemblage of the lords of the soil, and
cannot but say that I was still more sur-
prised to find afterwards so unwieldy a mass
of persons; stungers generally to the individ-
ual views of each other, by mere practical
good sense proceeding with such singleness
of purpose and such unanimity in chalk-
ing out a plan for the good work before them
as the proceedings of this meeting will
evince.

The convention was well officered in
placing Col. Wilder in the chair. I
thought his style of discharging the duties of
president, besides being business like, was in
courtesy towards the members felicitous,
easy and urbane. The whole proceedings
of the session were conducted with a regard
to harmony and decorum highly creditable
to so numerous a body of men, mostly
strangers to each other. Indeed, I witness-
ed but a single instance of cross-firing in
discussion which amounted to "personali-
ties," and that occurrence alone, should go
very far to convince us that the utter con-
fusion of names and qualities now attending
the list of cultivated fruits can never be
remedied by nursery men and nursery men's
catalogues alone.

Fully persuaded that, to secure and re-
tain public confidence in their opinions,
the convention should express none other
than deliberate and well considered judg-
ments, they determined at this their first
meeting, to reject nothing, and to bestow
praises on but few things, and those few of
such commanding excellence as to deserve
it by acclamation, flattering themselves that
by industriously improving the interim be-
tween the present and a future meeting facts
could be collected which would greatly di-
minish the danger of erring in an attempt at
a more general decision on the merits and
demerits of fruits. Thus cautious, their
fruit committee brought forth a resolution
recommending some forty varieties
only of apples, pears, peaches, plums, and
cherries in the aggregate as having undisput-
ed claims to general cultivation; yet,
strange to say, this short list met with warm
opposition as being full of errors, and the
list of peaches, after some sparring, was re-
committed, with instructions that three out
of some eight sorts recommended were syn-
onyms of other sorts, or otherwise obnox-
ious to error. It was on reporting back the
same list by the committee that the outburst
of feeling to which I allude displayed it-
self. The committee however triumphed,
but whether or not at the expense of truth
remains to be developed hereafter. The
convention saw that all was uncertainty,
but it seemed for once an uncertainty of
rather an innocent kind. It was not that A
grew a good peach, B an indifferent one,
and C a bad one all under the same name.
A purchaser from either would get fine
fruit; but a purchaser tempted by the names
and commendations of all three cultivators
to make purchases of all would thereby be
over-stocked. The committee succeeded in
convincing the meeting that this risk of over-
stock was not greater than the general cul-
tivator would be justified in taking by way
of insurance, that his collection contained
the best fruits in cultivation which it could
not contain, so long as any one of the eight
varieties recommended were wanting.

It was however impossible to remove
from the mind of every one present, the
impression that confusion existed, and it
seemed manifest, that out of the 200 vari-
eties of the catalogue, the small number of
eight could not be selected, but that neigh-
boring cultivators, professing familiarity
with all, would differ as to the names and
identity of near one-half.

It is but an act of simple justice to the
managers and members of the American
Institute, that I should report the courteous
reception and more than kind treatment ex-
tended to the delegates individually and as
a body by them; a single incident will suf-
fice to show the whole-souled character of
their generous hospitality. The convention
met at New York, rather as the invited
guests of the Institute. But it was ascer-
tained that a hall larger than any room at
their command would be required to accom-
modate the unexpectedly large gathering of
fruit-growers. Such an one was placed at
the disposal of the convention; and, on the
third day after the session, arrangements
were being made to raise a fund to discharge
the incidental expenses of the session, which
were considerable. The Old Bay State
led the way. I did not think Kentucky
should be long delinquent, and many others
no doubt, reasoned in the same way, so that
a considerable fund was rapidly being raised,
when one of the officers of the Institute
learning what was going on, asked for a
suspension—stated that the Institute would
be a source of pleasure to meet the
whole expense—that he had funds were ample,
this year's income equalling \$15,000 to
\$20,000, and that they were for the diffi-
culty of useful knowledge. He concluded
by asking the appointment of a committee
of conference, and the result was, we were
tendered a clear acquaintance against freight,
collectors, draymen, porters, door-keepers,
landlords, gas companies, reporters, and
printers, with the condition annexed that
the contributions raised be taken back by
the contributors, on pain of being convicted
of fastidiousness for refusal. Kentucky
men, who know how to imitate such acts
of hospitality, know also, well what reward
they deserve.

In reporting the action of the convention,
I must say that the amount of good it
yielded will depend greatly upon the activity
and zeal of the local cultivator in co-operat-
ing with this body in order to collect the
proper facts and materials to bring about
the desired reform.

The deliberations of the convention re-
sulted in the conviction that reform must be
the work of time and patience; that it is de-
sirable to secure the continued co-operation

of the same persons as much as possible,
lest a change of individuals lead to a
change and fickleness of purpose, and that
it is desirable to enlist in the cause the
greatest number of practical cultivators.
So actuated, they adjourned to meet again
in October next, after having agreed for the
present on a small list of fruits which I
shall furnish in my next communication.
They appointed a general committee, com-
posed of one member from each State, and
for each State a local committee; the local
committees to glean and report facts to the
general committee, which facts are to be
digested in the shape of a general report to
be submitted for the consideration of the
congress of fruit-growers at its adjourned
meeting; the general committee having to
some extent the power of giving direction
to the labors of the sub-committees. The
names composing the State committee for
Kentucky, are: Col. James Allen, Nelson;
Judge Brown, Frankfort; Henry Duncan,
Fayette; G. W. Weissinger, Louisville,
and myself.

Very respectfully, yours,
L. YOUNG.

The Smithsonian Institute.
The affairs of this institution are advanc-
ing in a most satisfactory manner. The
east wing of the noble edifice is almost en-
tirely completed, excepting in regard to
heating and lighting; and the west wing is
enclosed, and its accompanying tower car-
ried up, which presents quite a picturesque
appearance. The smaller lecture room,
which in the east wing is also completed,
in which it is expected there will be a course
of lectures delivered on various subjects
during the coming Winter, by distinguished
gentlemen. The valuable chemical and
philosophical apparatus, recently presented
to the Institution by Dr. Robert Hare, of
Philadelphia, has been received and depos-
ited in the east wing. The value of this
donation we know not how to estimate; but
it may be mentioned that it was packed up
in about one hundred boxes, and that a
schooner was chartered for the special pur-
pose of bringing it to Washington. Many
of the articles have a value far greater than
that of their practical application, since they
are connected with the history of the pro-
gress of physical science in our country.

We have also been examining, and with
renewed pleasure, the recently published
volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions
to Knowledge." Its literary merits have
already been discussed in the *Intelligencer*,
and all that we now have to say is, that it
is superbly printed and illustrated in the
highest style of art. The appropriate motto
to this work is taken from Smithson's man-
uscripts, and is as follows: "Every man is
a valuable member of society who, by his ob-
servations, researches and experiments, pro-
cures knowledge for men." It is intended
to form the first of a series of volumes, con-
sisting of original memoirs on different
branches of knowledge, published at the
expense and under the direction of the
Smithsonian Institution.

The object of the Institution is not to
publish separate books, but a series of quar-
terly volumes, consisting of separate memoirs,
similar to the ordinary transactions of learned
Societies. It so happens that the first
volume consists of a single memoir; the next
volume, however, will embrace a number of
papers on different subjects. Arrangements
are already being made for transmitting
copies of this publication to the more distin-
guished Societies of the world, among which
may be mentioned the Royal Society of
London, the Royal Academies of Science of
Berlin, Munich, Stockholm, Paris, Naples,
Florence, Copenhagen, and the Imperial
Academy of St. Petersburg. Copies will
also be sent to the principal scientific and
literary institutions of our own country.—
This publication, it will be remembered, is
intended for the increase of knowledge, and
will consist entirely of original matter, new
facts, new thoughts, and new principles.—
Another series of volumes will be published
of a more popular character, designed for
general diffusion, and intended to post up,
from time to time, the various discoveries
made in every part of the world. The first
of these volumes will probably be published
during the coming year.—*Nat. Intelligencer*,
3d.

A Pint of Ale and a Newspaper.

How strangely the value of different
things is estimated in some minds! A few
grains of toasted barley are wetted, and the
juice squeezed into a little water, with a
taste of the leaves of the hop-plant—the
value of both being too small to be calculat-
ed, and a very slight tax is laid upon the
mixture, which costs also so little labor as
hardly to be reckoned in our coinage. A
pint of this sells, retail, for fourpence, and
if of good flavor, it is reckoned cheap and
well worth the money; and so it is. It is
drunk off in a minute or two—it is gone.
On the same table on which this was served
lies a newspaper, the mere white sheet
of which cost one penny-farthing, and the
weight thereon one penny, without deduction
for damaged, crooked, or over-printed cop-
ies made ready for sale, and charged too
with carriage from mills and stamp-office at
a distance; and it is covered with half-a-
million of types, at a cost of thirty pounds
for itself and other sheets printed at the
same office the same day; and the juice of a
pint of ale and the paper of a newspaper
no more than the pint of ale, and the juice of a
little malt and hops! And yet after one
human being has enjoyed it, affording him news
from all parts of the world; and useful
thoughts on all that interests him as a man
and a citizen, it remains to be enjoyed by
scores of others in the same town or else-
where; and it promotes trade, and finds em-
ployment, and markets for goods, and cau-
tions against frauds and accidents; and sub-
jects for conversation; and there are some
who think this article dear, though the
swiftly-gone barley-water is paid for cheer-
fully. How is this? Is the body a better
pay-master than the mind, and are things of
the moment more prized than things of mo-
ment? Is the transient tickling of the
stomach of more consequence than the im-
provement of the mind, and the information
that is essential to rational beings? If
things had their real value, would not the
newspaper be worth many pints of the best
ale?—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Benjamin West, youngest son of the
great painter of the same name, died lately
in London.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the Opal Era 1819.
The Thought-Anchor.
A WAKING AND SLEEPING DREAM.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

[WRITTEN TO ILLUSTRATE A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, BY
ROBERTSON, OF A REMORSEFUL ANKLE-ACON.
PAINTED BY THOMAS.]

Night is the sick man's day,
For the soul awakes as the body falls.
I had told weary hours, but with the hush
Of midnight, my last memory of pain
Had stilled before a Thought of sudden bright-
ness.

And, like one rising upon spirit limbs,
Row I, and wandered with the thought away.
Oh! the blest trams that we are, when Sense,
The Master, is too weak to call us in,
And, loosed, as if the school-time of life
Were over, with its spirit-breaking toils,
We to the fields stray—following where'er
Fancy, the vagrant, calls us!

All unshed
Went by the hours, that with such heavy heel
Came last in the slow verge of the strong,
And the dawn broke. Called in from spirit
straying.

I knew again that I was weak and ill,
Beginning on another day of pain;
But, with a blessing on my Thought—(whose
track)

Far thro' a wilderness untrod before,
It seemed that I might tell of with a pen
Winged with illuminated words—I slept.
And presently I dreamed. In conscious sleep,
I knew that I saw but a dream.
The curtains of my bed, I knew, the while,
Tented me round; and on a couch beyond
Lay a loved and watchful by a dimming lamp;
And I remembered her—and where I lay—
And that the hour was morning—yet I saw
As if my dream were dissolved in air,
The vision I shall paint you.

Lo! my Thought!

The Thought that I had followed first at wak-
ing.
And, of whose sweet revelations unto me,
I longed in glowing words to tell the world—
That Thought I saw—clad in a breathing shape,
And like a sylph upon an errand sped,
Proud for an arrowy flight, and through the air
Clearing its way resolute. The clef wind,
Revealingly, to that symmetric thought
Pleaded its transparent dress; and beautiful,
Oh, beautiful are the shapes divine
Which woman's form makes possible to dream:
Lay its impulsive outline on the air,
A kindled with the pride that it was mine,
The glory of its beauty—of my soul!
The easy effluence moulded with a breath,
And turned—a rich gift—idly to the world!
And curiously I eyed it on its way—
But—turned to look on it once more.

And lo!
A cloud now lay hatched between its wings,
Drawn by its motion onward—a small cloud
That, from the night-enveloped world below,
Seemed lighted by the half-arisen moon.
I saw it, not with the earth's a pen,
But as they see from Heaven. And, as again,
I watched that Thought—(irrevocably sped,
Without a fear that it might turn to ill,
Without a prayer that it might blend in flee-
ing—)

Behold, all calmly with it, on the cloud,
Rode a winged angel with an open book;
And of the hearts it moved—and of the dreams,
Passions and hopes it called on as it flew—
Of all it gave a secret, that when I lay
Slumbered untroubled in the Thought-ruled
world—
That angel kept a record.

"Thou, hereafter,"
Said a voice near me, "shall that record bear:
For, in thy using of that gift of power,
SPEAKING WHAT THOUGHT THOU WILT ACROSS THE
WORLD."

Thou speakest with the pervading voice of God,
And, as thy way of the world's heart, will be
Thy reckoning with thy Maker. Human
Thought,
Oh, post! lightly may take wondrous wings.
Thy careless link binds words to travel far.
But oh, take heed—for see—by dream-reveal-
ing—
How Thoughts of power with angels go attend-
ed.

Outflying near the calm pen that writes
That history for Heaven?"

The sun shone in
Upon my window-curtains, and I woke,
And this had been a dream. "Thou sometimes
We dream ourselves what we have striven to be,
And hear what had been well for us to hear,
Did our dreams shadow what we are."

Legend of the Revolution.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

It is not the most difficult thing in
the world to write the history of a battle.
The tramp of legions, the crash of contending
foemen, the waving of banners—arms
glittering here, and the cold faces of the dead,
glowing yonder, in the battle flash—these
form a picture that strikes the heart at once,
and makes its mark forever.

But who can write the history of a soul?
Who can tell how the germ of heroism,
the idea of greatness, first swells in the mind
of the boy, and slowly ripens into full
life?

We have seen Washington the President.
We have known Washington the General.
Shall we look into the soul of Washington
the boy? Shall we behold the almost im-
perceptible gradations which marked the
progress of that soul into manhood? Shall
we witness the silent, gradual, ceaseless ed-
ucation of that soul?

How was Washington educated? Did he
lounges away five years of his life with-
in the walls of a college, occupied in re-
moving the shrouds from the mummies of
Classic Literature, busy in familiarizing his
mind with the elaborate pollutions of Gre-
cian mythology, or in analysing the hollow
philosophies of the academy and portico?

No. His education was on a broader,
vaster scale. At seventeen, he leaves the
common school, where he had received the
plain rudiments of an English education,
and with a knapsack strapped to his should-
ers, surveys instruments in his hand, he
goes forth, a pilgrim among the mountains.
Where there is blue sky, where the unmul-
tuous river hews its way through colossal
cliffs, where the great peaks of the Alle-
ghanies rise like immense altars into the
heavens—such were the scenes in which the
soul of Washington was educated.

He went forth a wanderer into the wilder-
ness. At night he stretched his limbs in
the depths of the forest, or rose to look up-
on the stars, as they shone in upon the aw-
ful night of the wilderness, or sat down
with the red men by their council fire, and
learned from this strange race the traditions
of the lost nations of America.

Three years of his life glide away while
he sojourns among the scenes of nature's
grandeur. Those three years form his
character, and shape his soul. Glances of
the future come upon him like those blus-
hes of radiance in the day-break sky, which
announce the rising of the sun.

Shall we learn the manner of his com-
munion with nature and with God?

We know it is beneath the dignity of
history to look even for an instant into the
heart. We know that vague generalities,
misty outlines, compact and well-proportioned
fables, sprinkled with a dash of
what is called philosophy—too often con-
stitute the object and the manner of history.

Shall we depart a little while from the
respectable regularities of history, which too
often resemble the regular tactics of
Braddock, on his fatal field, and call tradi-
tion and legend to our aid? Tradition and
legend, which, in their vivid but irregular
details, remind us forcibly of the erudite style
of battle which young Washington so fruit-
lessly commended to the notice of the regu-
lar general, on the battle day of Monon-
gahela?

Learn, then, the manner of Wash-
ington's communion with nature and with
God, but first learn and know by heart
the scenes in which his boyhood passed
away.

Over a tumultuous torrent, high in the
upper air, there hangs a bridge of rock,
fashioned by the hand of Nature, with the
peaks of granite mountains for its horizon.
Two hundred feet above the foaming waters
you behold this arch, which, in its very
raggedness, looks graceful as a floating
scarf. Over the wave, looking through the
arch, you catch a vision of colossal cliffs,
with a glimpse of smiling sky. Advanced to
the parapet of this bridge—clinging to the
shutts that grow there—look below! Your
heart grows sick—your brain reels.

Stand in the shadow of the arch, and
look above. How beautiful! While the
torrent sparkles at your feet, yonder, in the
very Heaven, the Arch of Rock fills your
eye, and spans the abyss, with giant trees
upon its brow.

To the Natural Bridge, Washington, the
young pilgrim, came. He stood by the
waves at sunset—he drank in the rugged
sublimity of the scene. And when the
morning came, with an unflinching step,
and hand that never shook, not for an in-
stant, with one pulse of fear, he climbed
the awful height—he wrote his name upon
the rock—he stood upon the summit, be-
neath the tall pine, and saw the march of
day among the mountains.

Who shall picture his emotions in that
hour?

As his unflinching hand traced the name
upon the rock, did he dream of the day
when that name should be stamped upon the
tombstone of the country, and witness now
in stone, but in the throbs of living hearts?
As he stood upon the arch, and saw the
torrent sparkle dimly far below, while the
kiss of light was glittering over the moun-
tain tops, did no vision of the battle-field,
no shadowy presentment of glory, gleam
awfully before his flashing eyes?

Again: another scene of Washington's
education:

There is a river which sparkles beau-
tifully among its leafy banks—glides on as
smoothly as the dream of sinless slumber;
but even as you gaze upon its glassy waves,
it rushes from your sight. It glides over a
bed of rocks, and then through a yawning
abyss sinks into one sudden plunge into the
bosom of the earth. On one side you be-
hold its smooth waters; at your feet the
abyss; and yonder an undulating meadow.
Yes, there should be the course of the riv-
er, you behold slopes of grass and flow-
ers.

It is simply called the Lost River.

It fills you with inexpressible emotions to
see this beautiful stream, now flashing in
the sunlight, now, ere you can count one,
lost in a dismal cavern, with flowers grow-
ing upon its grave.

Here, Washington, the young pilgrim,
wandered oftentimes, and gazed with a full
heart upon the mysterious river.

"Shall my life be like that river? Glid-
ing smoothly on—shining in sunlight, only
to plunge, without a moment's warning, in-
to night and eternity?"

Did no thought like this cross the young
pilgrim's soul? In that wondrous river he
believed a symbol of a brave life, suddenly
plunged in darkness. Or, it may be, of a
great heart, hurled into obscurity, only to
rise more beautiful and strong, after the night
was over and the darkness gone. For after
three miles of darkness the Lost River
comes sparkling into light again, singing
for very gladness, as it rushes from the cav-
ern into the open air.

Amid scenes like this the youth of Wash-
ington was passed. He grew to manhood
amid the glorious images of unpolluted na-
ture. Now, pausing near the mountain top,
he saw the valleys of Virginia fade far
away, in one long smile of verdure and sun-
shine, with the Potomac, like a silver thread,
in the distance.

Now battling for life, amid hunger, snow,
and savage foes, he makes his bed in the
hollow of a rock, or sets his destiny afloat
amid the waves and ice of a wintry river.

There is the picture in the life of Wash-
ington, the Boy, which has ever impressed
my soul.

It is not so much that picture of young
Washington seated at the feet of his widowed
mother, gazing into her pale face, drink-
ing the fathomless affection of her wild eyes
and for her sake renouncing the glittering
prospect of an ocean life and laurels gath-
ered from its gory waves.

This picture, in its simplicity, is very
beautiful. But it is another picture which
enchants me. Behold it!

By the side of a lonely stream, in the
depth of a green woodland, sits a boy of
fourteen—shut out from all the world, alone
with his heart—his finger laid upon an
opened volume, while his large gray eyes
gaze vacantly into the deep waters.

And that volume is the old Family Bible,
marked with the name of its ancestor, John
Washington; and from its large letters look
forth the Prophets of Israel and from its
pages, printed in antique style, the face of
Jesus smiles in upon the soul of the dream-
ing boy.

Washington, the Boy, alone with the old
Bible, which his ancestor, a wanderer and
exile, brought from the English shore, alone
with the Prophets and the warriors of long
distance ages; shut in from the world by the
awful forms of revelation; now wandering
with the Patriarchs, under the shade of
palms, among the white flocks—now linger-
ing by Samaria's well, while the Divine
voice melts in accents of unutterable music
upon the stillness of noonday.

Let us for a few moments survey the va-
rious epochs of the youth of Washington.

At the age of ten years he is left an or-
phan; from the hour of his father's death, he
is educated by his widowed mother.

At the age of fourteen a midshipman's
warrant is offered to him—with a brilliant
prospect of naval glory in the distance. He
accepts the warrant—his destiny seems
trebling in the balance—when his mother,
who already saw a nobler theatre open
before her boy, induces him to surrender the
idea of an ocean life.

He is seventeen when he takes up the in-
struments of the surveyor's craft, and cross-
ing the Alleghenies, beholds for the first
time, the customs of the Indian people.

Three years pass, and he is a pilgrim
amid the forms of external nature.

We behold him on the ocean, amid the
terror of its storms, and very near the doom
of its shipwrecks. His heart pillows the
head of a dying brother; he accompanies
Laurence Washington on a voyage to Bar-
badoes, and is absent on the ocean, and on
the shores of the strange land, from the fall
of 1751 until the spring of 1752.

When Laurence dies, his young brother,
George Washington, a youth of twenty
years, is appointed executor of his immense
estates.

Western borders. In the pursuit of the ob-
ject of this mission, he journeys 560 miles
into the trackless wilderness.

He is twenty-two when he mingles in
battle; his sword is unsheathed July 3d,
1754, at the fight of the Great Meadows.

And at the age of twenty-three, July 9th,
1755, he shares in the danger of Braddock's
field, and saves the wreck of the defeated
army.

The great epochs of the youth of Wash-
ington are written in the preceding para-
graphs. A wonderful youth, indeed! From
the common school-house into the untrod-
den wilderness; from the couch of a dying
brother, into the terror of battle, Washing-
ton had already lived a life, before he was
twenty-three years old.

Let us my friends, write the unwritten
history of Washington. Not the dim out-
line which history sketches, but a picture of
the man—with color, shape, life, and voice.
Yes, life, for as we go on, among the shrines
of the past, the dead will live with us, and
voice too, for as we question the ghosts of
other days, they will answer us, although
the shadows of a hundred years brood over
their graves.

And ere we hasten forth upon our journey
let us for a moment compare the youth of
Washington with the boyhood of Arnold.

Washington, nourished by powerful friends,
and with many a kind hand for his brow
when it was stricken with fever, many a
kind voice for his heart when it was heavy
with sorrow.

Arnold, a friendless boy, left by an im-
temperate father to the world, guided, it is
true, by a kind mother, but a mother who
saw all the clouds of misfortune lowering
upon her path, and felt the heaviest loads
of misery upon her breast.

A contrast of terrible meaning!

Washington learns from his mother to
bear all, to suffer all, and to hold on,
through calm and storm, to the right.

Washington becomes the man of a world.

Woman.

It is pleasing to contemplate the theme
of female excellence. The heart of man
warms with emotion as he hears of the no-
ble deeds of woman—as he views her quiet
goodness—his heart marks her conjugal de-
votion, her firmness of principle, the thousand
little tendernesses clinging around her
heart, animating her to please by all the
winning graces and attractions that can fix
affection; nor relaxing after marriage in the
cultivation of those powers which first com-
manded admiration because she has secured
her victory. He loves and admires her
when thus true to the amiable impulses of
her nature. But if captivated in the fresh-
ness and poetry of her early feelings, when
the fragrance of her own spirit falls on ev-
erything like dew, how much higher does
she erect herself in his esteem, when the
hour of trial comes, when adversity over-
takes those she loves, and the appeal to her
sympathies is the strongest that can be
made, because it comes through the channel
of her affections. Then see what a power
of endurance she exhibits, what fortitude,
what energy. Qualities which, amid the
sunshine of prosperity, lay latent and un-
perceived, for want of occasion to call them
forth, now appear to view with the hope-
reviving influence which we may suppose
a near and friendly beacon would have up-
on the sinking heart of the shipwrecked
mariner. Difficulties which crush the haugh-
ty spirit of man, and subdue his strength to
the weakness of a child, are met by her
with a courage that seems to increase pro-
portionally to its demand. With a self-
sustaining energy, she counteracts the im-
pression of grief in her own heart, and
prouded by her love and constancy, she turns
to her partner, now dearer than ever, from
the touch of misfortune, to console, to in-
vigorize, to assist. Shedding a benign in-
fluence upon his existence, which causes
him to feel, amid all his misery, that happi-
ness still remains for him while blessed with
the affection of such a friend and minis-
ter, that labor, however rude, cannot de-
grade him while he is encouraged by the
esteem of a heart so noble and so true.

The African Rhinoceros.

The black Rhinoceros, whose domains
we seem now to have invaded, resembles
in general appearance an immense hog;
twelve feet and a half long, six feet and a
half high, eight feet and a half, and of the
weight of half a dozen bul-
locks; its body smooth, and there is no hair
seen except at the tips of the ears, and the
extremity of the tail. The horns of con-
creted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre,
and the second resembling a flattened cone,
stand on the nose and above the eyes; in
the young animals the foremost horn is the
longest, whilst in the old ones they are of
equal length, namely, a foot and a half or
more; though the older the rhinoceros the
shorter are its horns, as they wear them by
sharpening them against the trees, and by
rooting up the ground with them when in a
passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly
pursuing his way through his favorite glades
of mimosa bushes, (which his hooked upper
lip enables him readily to seize), his horns
flexed loosely in his skin, make a clapping
noise by striking one against the other; but
on the approach of danger, if his quick ear
or keen scent make him aware of the vicinity
of a hunter, the head is quickly raised,
and the horns stand stiff and ready for
combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros
is often accompanied by a sentinel to
give him warning, a beautiful green backed,
and blue-winged bird, about the size of a
jay, which sits on one of its horns.—Alex-
ander's Expedition.

Marking Reflection.

Some things, it is true, are more promi-
nent, and lead to more serious consequences
than others, so as to excite a greater share
of attraction and applause. Public charac-
ters, authors, warriors, statesmen, &c.,
nearly monopolize public consideration in
this way, and we are apt to judge of their
merit by the noise they make in the world.
Yet none of these classes would be willing
to make the rule absolute; for a favorite
player gains as much applause as any of
them. A poet stands a poor chance either
of popularity with the vulgar, or influence
with the great, against a fashionable opera
dancer or singer. Reputation or notoriety
is not the stamp of merit. Certain profes-
sions, like certain situations, bring it into
greater notice, but have perhaps no more to
do with it than birth or fortune. Opportu-
nity sometimes indeed, "throws a cruel sun-
shine on a fool." I have known several
celebrated men, and some of them have
been persons of the weakest capacity, yet
accident had lifted them into general notice,
and probably will hand their memories
down to posterity. There are names writ-
ten in her immortal scroll, at which Fame
blushes!—Hazlitt's Characteristics.

Quarrels leave scars which cannot be so
well closed to the sight, but they will lie
open to the memory.

Franklin in the Social Circle.
BY WILLIAM WIRT.

Never had I known such a friendly com-
panion as he was, both as a statesman and
a philosopher; he never shone in a light
more winning, than when he was seen in
the domestic circle. It was once my good
fortune to pass two or three weeks with
him at the house of a gentleman in Penn-
sylvania, and we were confined to the house
during the whole of that time, by the un-
remitting constancy and depth of the
sneezes. But confinement could not be felt
where Dr. Franklin was an inmate. His
cheerfulness and his colloquial powers
spread around him a perpetual spring. Of
Franklin no one ever became tired. There
was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to
shine in anything which came from him.
There was nothing which made any de-
mand either upon your allegiance or your
admiration.

His manner was just as unaffected as in-
fancy. It was Nature's spell. He talked
like an old parrot, and his plainness
and simplicity put you at once at your
ease, and gave you the full and free pos-
sion and use of all your faculties.

His thoughts were of a character to shine
by their own light, without any adventi-
tious aid. They required only a medium
of vision, like his pure and simple style,
to exhibit to the highest advantage, their
native radiance and beauty. His cheer-
fulness was unremitting. It seemed to be
as much the systematic and salutary exer-
cise of the mind, as of his superior organi-
zation. His wit was of the first order. It
did not show itself merely in occasional
concoctions, but, without any effort or
saw all the clouds of misfortune lowering
upon his path, and felt the heaviest loads
of misery upon her breast.

A Good Daughter.

A good daughter! There are other in-
stances of love more conspicuous than her,
but none in which a gentler, lovelier, spirit
dwells, and none to which the heart's warm
requisits more joyfully respond. There is
no such thing as a comparative estimate of
a parent's love for one or another child—
There is little which he needs to covet, to
whom the treasure of a good child has been
given. But a son's occupations and plea-
sures carry him abroad, and he resides more
among temptations, which hardly permit
affection that is following him, perhaps,
over half the globe, to be unmingled with
anxiety, until the time when he comes to
relinquish his father's roof for one of his
own, while a good daughter is the steady
light of her parent's house.

Her ideal is indissolubly connected with
that of his happy life. She is his morning
sunlight and his evening star. The grace,
vivacity, and tenderness of her sex
helps her place in the family away which
she holds over his spirit. The lessons of
recorded wisdom which he reads with her
eyes, come to his mind with a new charm
as blended with the beloved melody of her
voice. He scarcely knows weariness
which her song does not make him forget,
or gloom which is proof against the young
brightness of her smile. She is the pride
and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle
nurse of his sickness, and the constant
kindness in those unnumbered acts of
kindness which only chiefly care to have
rendered, because they are unpretending
but expressive proofs of love.

Scandal.

A disposition to scandal is a compound
of malignity and simulation. It never ur-
ges an opinion with the bold consciousness
of truth, but deals in a monotonous jargon
of half sentences, conveying its ambiguities
by emphasis. Its propagators lay a mighty
stress upon the "may be's," and "I'll say
no more," "let us hope not," "they do say,"
and "time will show;" thus confirming the
evil they affect to deplore, more under the
semblance of play and prudent caution,
than they possibly could in any shape, short
of demonstration. Observe the greatest re-
serve with persons of this description; they
are the hyenas of society, being perpetually
prowling over the reputation, which is their
prey, lamenting, and at the same time en-
joying the ruin they create.

Origin of "True Blue."

Everybody has heard and made use of
the phrase "true blue;" but everybody does
not know that its first assumption was by
the Covenanters, in opposition to the scar-
let badge of Charles I., and henceforth
was taken by the troops of Leslie and Mon-
rose, in 1653. The adoption of the color was
one of those religious pedantries in which
the Covenanters affected a pharisaical ob-
servance of the Scriptural letter, and the
usages of the Hebrews; and thus, as they
named their children Jemima and Ze-
rubabel, and their chapels, Zion and Ebe-
nezer, they decorated their persons with blue
ribbons, because the following sumptuary
precept was given in the law of Moses:
"Speak to the children of Israel, and tell
them to make to themselves fringes on the
borders of their garments putting in them
ribbons of blue." Numb. xv., 38.—Scotch
Reformers' Gazette.

Memory's Music.

Wandering heart! ah, wherefore grieve me
With the memory of the past?
Phantom dreamings! leave, O leave me!
Sleep in shadows or in thee cast.

Nature's dying echo lingers,
O'er affection's broken strings;
Music with her dulcet fingers,
All the past around me flings.

Clerical voices in thy numbers
O'er my yearning bosom sweep;
Memory hears them in her slumbers,
Sighing, wake again to weep.

Then the heart will weep, and wander
Where affection's ashes rest;
Press upon the soul the fonder
Tearful thoughts that chill her breast.

As the light of day when fading
Brightest glows through twilight tears,
Time and change in silence shading,
Absent ones the more endears.

Summer leaves around us dying
Fade away in winter snows;
Autumn winds around us sighing,
Weep amid forsaken boughs.

Stars of Love, around us shining
In their radiance fade away;
Sun! that speaks of no declining,
Bring the never-setting day.

It is told of an old Scotch laird that he
had acquired the habit of walking in an
odd shuffling manner from an excess of
politeness while residing at a foreign court,
where the reigning prince had the misfor-
tune to be somewhat stiff in the ankle-
joints. There was nothing very remarka-
ble in this trait of complaisance, for the
spirit of imitation in dress, language, and
customs of all kinds is of so universally
prevailing an influence, that right or wrong,
it dictates an unhesitatingly followed. One
therefore, should not laugh too hard at
the old laird's affected lameness. We are
all less or more followers, from imitation
and habit, of usages, which common sense
has some difficulty in justifying.

Of all the despots, Fashion is the most
despotic; and yet the thing is entirely vol-
untary. There is, however, the terror of
appearing to act differently from what seems
to be a legitimately erected standard. No
inquiry is employed as to the correctness of
the taste which has suggested any distinct
change in fashion. No matter even that
accident has been the cause of the altera-
tion; for, as in a state of panic, what all
hasten to do cannot possibly be wrong. In
the modern lady-world, this panic of fash-
ion is observed to work as marvellous trans-
formations as that which took place among
the towering head-dresses of Addison's
days, and to have about as reasonable a
purpose. When the Queen was on the
Clyde last year, finding her face visited too
roughly by the air of our Scottish hills, she
tied her veil under her chin. The action
was natural, and the effect no doubt, in the
circumstances, becoming. Thorough cheeks,
warm with health, flushed with womanly
and gently feeling, and fanned by the wel-
coming breezes of the north, looked almost
as beautiful, we dare say, as the moss-ro-
flower that may be, before the day was
out, there were hundreds of other cheeks in
the same predicament. The rage of imita-
tion spread. In the shadiest walks, in the
closest streets of the town, in the calmest
and hottest days of the season, the veil was
fashionably tied under the chin. The fash-
ion, however, was in reality made a fashion
only through misapprehension; for the
Queen had merely adopted a temporary ex-
pedient to serve a temporary end, and when
the emergency was over, she no doubt un-
loosed the knot, and gave her veil to the
winds as usual. Her imitators were as un-
regarding of circumstances as the very saga-
cious monkey which gulped a package of
medicine because he saw his master
swallow a quantity of the same material
previously.

To a silly and panic-like rage of imita-
tion may no doubt most fashions be traced;
the fear of infringing even a trifling point
in a prevailing usage being perhaps strong-
er than that which makes men avoid the
commission of serious error. And thus
highly artificial states of society, in which
excessive exercises the chief control, cannot
be said to be favorable to the growth of
moral excellence. We would not, how-
ever, have it thought that there is anything
either blameable or ridiculous—far from it—
in following fashions which are convenient,
becoming, and suitable to general cir-
cumstances. Every successive generation in-
troduces some species of novelty, which is
an expression of social progress; and in
costumes or customs we may read the moral
history of a country as distinctly as in
its medals and monuments. Fortunately,
the tendency of fashion in our own day
towards simplicity; though in this respect
we are only following the progress which
commenced a generation ago. The imita-
tion which challenges sarcasm is that of the
monkey and the medicine—a fantastic copy-
ing of which is a meanness, and betrays
in this respect it is a meanness, and betrays
as much the want of true dignity as of com-
mon reflection. It is the enemy of fashion
perpetually turning it into ridicule, and for-
cing it into a thousand feverish changes to
escape from its persecutions. These changes
are sometimes as comical as were those
of the two fairies in the "Arabian Nights,"
who fought through a series of metamorphoses.
We remember the leaders of
ton, some years ago, had recourse to the
expedient of disguising their voices by a
certain dexterous use of the roof of the
mouth. Even this, however, did not baffle
their pursuers, in a very short time the
world of slavish imitators acquired the new
form of speech, and drove invention to new
shifts. At a later epoch some ingenious
persons stuck an eye-glass into their eye,
supporting it by the muscles alone, and
bearing with heretical equanimity the incon-
venience and the ridicule; but this has now
come down to the order of small imitators,
who affect to bask in the sunshine of fash-
ion.

As regards the mass of mankind, imita-
tion is a kind of substitute for principle; and
estimated not in its extreme aspect, until in-
dividuals are better able to direct their own
movements, it deserves indulgence, if not
approbation. So many persons are placed
in circumstances adverse to original or in-
dependent thought, that we cannot speak
too flatteringly of efforts at imitation, which
though sometimes grotesque, and possibly
out of place, are in the main respectable,
and significant of a wish for improvement.
On a late occasion, when shown into the
cottage of a rural laborer, we observed with
surprise that a small table was laid out with
books star-fashion, as in the drawing-room
of a city. The effort at gentility was in
itself ludicrous; yet how deserving was it
of commendation, all things considered!
The true way to view such things is to place
them in contrast with that utter disregard of
all the decencies of life which is unhappi-
ly manifested by parties moving in a rank
equal to that of the rural laborer. Only a
day or two previously we had visited the
house of a person of greater worldly pos-
sessions, and found the family living almost
in a state of nature along with their cattle.
Exhibitions of this latter sort are calcu-
lated to inspire a wonderful degree of tolera-
tion of imitative efforts at elegance and
improvement, however incongruous. Bet-
ter see a population toiling to see the fash-
ions of refined society, than to see it content-
ed with the listless mediocrity of semi-bar-
barism! Placed in this light, the mimicry
of fashion is to be viewed as one of those
tendencies which Providence has impressed
on mankind for their benefit. It is con-
stantly drawing them out of the slough of
natural desires, and leading them by steps,
imperceptible to themselves, towards the
higher aims of civilisation.—Chambers'
Journal.

Brasidas, the famous Lacedaemonian gen-
eral, caught a mouse—it bit him, and, by
that means, made its escape. "Oh, Jupiter!"
exclaimed he, "what creature